

ing out of the close atmosphere of the saloon into the frosty air of the outside made me start at a fairly rapid pace till natural body heat began to develop, then my gait became slower. On the way I made some attempts to get a nickel or two from passers-by, but my luck had not improved since the forepart of the evening. Pretty soon I heard the clock of a neighboring church ring twice—2 o'clock—and the cold breeze of the lake was blowing with a vengeance, my ears and nose were feeling the effects of it. The thought struck me then to seek the shelter of some doorway. But after staying there a few minutes and feeling my limbs becoming numb and the cold shivers running up and down my spine, furthermore having some ambition to live for some time to come back to the cold street I went.

"By that time my empty stomach was crying for food, and the cold, the treacherous cold, was trying to get the best of me and inviting me to lie down and there and then give up my miserable existence. However, I was determined to see the light of another day and kept on. Three o'clock came. By that time I had become a mere walking automaton and had almost lost all sense of direction. Very likely if I had walked in the direction of the lake I would not have stopped till my feet would have struck the water. I was practically blind to my surroundings and to this day I don't know the name of the streets through which my feet guided me. A light shone somewhere in the distance and I made toward it. It was the light of a saloon just opening up. There was hope, heat, a place to sit down. It acted as a stimulant, revived my spent energy and carried me on. I remember going in and spotting an inconspicuous corner to sit down.

"You know no one is allowed to sleep in a saloon and naturally I tried not to close my eyes. However, try as I would, my eyes began to close

and pretty soon yours truly was sleeping peacefully. I don't know how long I slept, but of a sudden I felt that some one was shaking me in a more or less brutal fashion. Opening my eyes I saw the bartender and heard him say in a loud voice: 'Hey, bo! This ain't no lodging house. Get out and get a smell at the fresh air. It'll brace you.'

"And out I went. It was daylight. Dejected both in spirit and looks, unwashed, hair not combed, I must have presented a sorry spectacle, and began to realize that I had become a real object of pity. Equipped with that knowledge, and feeling the pangs of hunger tearing at my vitals, I approached the first man that came within my reach and asked him for a few cents to eat on. Looking at me and sizing me up for a few seconds he said: 'Why, man, you look sick. You had better go to the hospital,' and handed me a quarter. You may imagine my surprise. In that quarter there was food. Truly only a little. A cup of coffee and rolls and sleep, precious sleep. By the way, to be a successful street beggar you must look pitiful and, worse yet, act in a humiliating manner. It is peculiar, indeed, but if you try to act like a man, a free-born man, you get nothing. I am sick and tired of it and hope to get something to do in the near future and not have to prostitute my manhood for a crust or two. And I will have a room to sleep in, too."

(Next—"Missions.")

THE YOUNG IDEA

From an examination paper in a Brooklyn high school:

"Each Indian sits himself in a circle around his own fire."

"Dogs are muzzled to prevent the spread of rabbia."

The Hapsburgs, we read, are buying real estate in the United States. If some real estate men we know get hold of them the unhappy Hapsburgs will be a lot more unhappy.